

SPRING

---is the season when all our energies and abilities are required in the creation of new features for business. The brain must be clear and active. The blood must bound through the veins with a quickened pulse. The muscles must respond quickly and strongly. That half-dead feeling in the middle of the day won't do. The bowels must be regular. The liver must excrete the bile from the blood. The stomach must digest its contents thoroughly and properly. The whole machine of life must be in perfect running order to enable you to originate ideas---create new features---and push your business to success.

RIPANS TABLETS

will put your system in perfect order. This is the season to take them. Go to your druggist tonight or tomorrow and get a box. Do not be afraid of Ripans because it is a patent preparation. Its formula is no secret. Here it is in full: Rhubarb, Ipecac, Peppermint, Aloes, Nux Vomica and Soda---a compound of the best remedies in the best proportion to do the most good. The remedies are old and tried. They were used by your grandparents---they are prescribed and administered daily by leading physicians. The cure is positive. The hundred years' use of these remedies has dispelled all doubts as to their efficacy for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, &c.

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WITH FULL SUITS OF HAIR

Personal Characteristics of Some Well-Known Senators

How They Dress, Walk and Stand--Peculiar Habits When Addressing the Senate

Senator Teller is a striking figure on the Senate floor. Above his massive head the heavy suit of iron gray hair stands on end, looking for all the world as if he either had seen a ghost or had been wrestling with some great problem--the silver question, probably. His form is a trifle stooped, and he walks with a peculiar gait, and he stands with his feet close together. When he rises to address the Senate on the silver question, he takes on, as it were, another form. When speaking, he makes few gestures, and walks back and forth behind his desk with his hands, for the greater time, in his pockets. Mr. Teller is seldom seen to laugh when his colleagues are gathered about him in groups. He works hard, and pays little attention to his dress, yet his attire is always neat and in good taste. He is a sympathetic man, and has a great feeling for the poor and hard-pushed small office holders, and has a generous and kindly nature.

Senator Allison of Iowa might be called Allison the Strong, from the massive head presented and the sturdy and powerful frame carried with roid strength about the Senate floor. He is seldom seen joining any of the knots of Senators who frequently gather about the rear of the floor, chatting and laughing over some cartoon or caricature in the papers, nor is he often found on the "other side of the chamber" conferring with his democratic colleagues. His long coat hangs loosely and comfortably on his shoulders, which are square and powerful, but as he walks the casual observer notices that his toes turn slightly inward.

While Senator Smith is perhaps the heaviest man on the floor, he has the most classic features. His manners, too, are graceful and easy. He is very particular in his general attire, and is never seen badly dressed, and his garments never look the worse for the wear. His full suit of almost white hair is invariably brushed in the most becoming and perfect manner. With his friends Senator Smith is very affable and kind, yet upon the floor he is most dignified. He requires very little attention from the pages, and glides in and out of the doors much like an Ohio river steamboat rounding a turn in the stream.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the Junior Senator from Massachusetts, has a full suit of hair, and the part curves distinctly around the crown as perfectly as it could have been done by a barber, but a boy. The intact crown is not the only feature of youth which remains with him, for as he strides about the floor his step is still boyish and his manners very natural and easy. He has great legislative ability, and always speaks strongly and to the point, which even his friends on the other side of the floor graciously admit. It is his habit when addressing the Senate to stand with his hands clasped behind him and under the skirt of his short blouse coat. He speaks in a straightforward manner, frequently stepping between the desks and balancing his toes over the step in the floor, which seems to be a favorite position with him.

The crisp, gray hair of Senator White of California sticks up all over his round head in great abundance, which, with his heavy beard, makes his pleasant face appear as if it were trying to get through, and above it all. There is always an expression in his countenance which makes one think he has just discovered a good joke on some one.

From the Pacific Slope.

No two Senators of opposite politics get on as evenly as do the two from California, Senators White and Perkins. The former is seldom seen without his hands in his pockets. When he addresses the Senate he likes to get out in the aisle, and once well under way he swings along at a

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About two weeks ago a child of Dan Jenkins, who lives over on Bergoo, some fifteen miles from this place, suddenly disappeared in a manner which for a time puzzled the oldest hunters and woodsmen of the county. It is now regarded as an absolute certainty that the child, a little girl of ten years, fell a prey to the winged monster, which for want of a better name the mountaineers call an eagle.

Little Landy was sent by her mother one Friday afternoon to the cabin of Joe Warnick, a mile and a half south of that of Jenkins, to ask after Mrs. Warnick, who had been sick. The girl started soon after noon for the Warnick cabin, but never reached there, and vanished as completely as if she had been spirited away by supernatural power. As Landy did not return by 4 or 5 o'clock Mrs. Jenkins grew uneasy and sent her husband to look for her. He thought, perhaps, she had remained with the Warnicks, and went straight to the cabin. There he learned that the child had not been there. By that time it had become dark, and, assisted by the Warnicks, Jenkins started to hunt his daughter. Nothing could be seen of her, and the whole party returned to the Jenkins cabin, where they suddenly disappeared, and could not be seen any further. The point where they stopped was in a cleared field, where buckwheat had been grown last season.

The child must evidently have been frightened at something, for the tracks left behind her showed that she was some 15 or 20 feet away from it. There were a number of her tracks together, as if she had turned around and around, while trying to avoid something. Beyond this point the footprints disappeared. The search was continued far into the night, and the surrounding forest was scoured as far as possible, as it was thought the child might have wandered from the path. The searchers were compelled to return to the almost distracted mother with the news that the missing child had not been found.

The next day the search was continued by a number of others, who had heard the story, and come to volunteer their services. Search as closely as they could, beyond the footprints in the snow at the point near the cabin, they could find nothing. How the child could have vanished and left no farther trace puzzled every one. If she had been seized by a wild animal, and the surrounding forest was scoured as far as possible, as it was thought the child might have wandered from the path. The searchers were compelled to return to the almost distracted mother with the news that the missing child had not been found.

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From the New York Herald.

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Capt. Ludlow had been master for many years when he was called to New Bedford to take command of the clipper ship Isaac Howland, which Edward Robinson, father of Mrs. Hetty Green, had fitted out as a whaler.

Around stormy Cape Horn, through tropic days and nights, urged by monsoons and baffled by capricious winds, she made her way to the North Pacific, and on the morning of June 28, 1865, stood at the entrance of Bering strait. On one side, behind the bank of fog, was Cape East, and only a few miles away lay the Asiatic mainland. The Howland was on her way to the north, where the white whale wars by the frozen pole. From the strait blew cold, arctic winds.

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The American ship Brunswick had been damaged off there by an ice floe. Her bows were stove, and she was sinking. One by one the other ships had seen her reversed ensign and had come to her aid. It was at the beginning of the whaling season, and these craft were going from "lands of snow" to the ice of the Brunswick and their effects were taken off. There were eleven craft riding at their cables, ready to sail into the frozen north. The fog lifted, and a black funnel and the squared yards of a man-of-war. The fleet of whalers made signs to get out of the way. The skipper thought they saw a British man-of-war.

The flags did not look British exactly. The craft came nearer. Ports flew open, and the sun, which had broken through the fog, shone on glistering cannon. There was a fluttering of bunting, a quick movement of halyards, and the stars and bars whipped out from under the mizzen gaff. It was the rebel privateer Shenandoah.

Over her side swarmed a hungry meep. The davits swung, there was a rattle of blocks, and half a dozen boats, filled with armed sailors, were moving toward the peaceful flotilla.

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"Sir," said the commander, "consider yourself a prize to the confederate ship Shenandoah."

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To begin with, there will be a queer sort of alligator from South America, called the "jacarat." It is quite different from any alligator of North America, belonging to a peculiar genus that has bony plates on the under side as well as on the upper side of the body. This is a distinguishing mark of the tribe, such alligators as are known elsewhere in the world being thus armored only on their backs. The armor plates of the alligator are of true bone--the same sort of bone as that of the animal's skeleton.

If you will examine the skin on the back of your hand you will find that it is corrugated and broken up with fine lines in such a way that you can easily imagine its texture transformed by exaggeration into scales. Now, you have only to gaze upon an armadillo in order to see such a modification of the skin. In Africa is found a yet more curious animal, called the "manis macrura," which is the most scaly of all scaly beasts. From the tip of its nose to the end of a very long tail it is clad in big, four scales, the tail being fused another. When alarmed it curls itself up into a tight little ball, and the scales being quite sharp, it is pretty safe against attack. In this case also the scales are merely modified skin. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that the manis macrura possesses a greater number of vertebrae than any other mammal.

Mr. Lucas will show, in the same case with the jacarat and the armadillo, a "scheltopus." This is a lizard from Sicily. The casual observer would take it for a snake, its legs being rudimentary and concealed beneath the skin. The entire body of the reptile is covered with little plates of bone. As in the case of the alligator above described, the bony plates of the lizard are merely modified skin. The same is true of the very remarkable "box fish" of the West Indies, which is clad in a complete armor of six-sided plates of bone, which, of course, are stuffed and treacherous. The scales of the armadillo are of bone, corresponding, respectively, to the true skin and the epidermis of a human being or other animal. Bony plates and spines are the modification of the true skin, which is modified epidermis. Human beings sometimes develop horns, but they are abnormal growths. Another queer fish that will be shown in connection with the exhibit is the "globe fish," which is found in waters off the coast of South Carolina. It is clad in an armor of interlocking spines, which are made to stand erect at the will of the animal, thus rendering the latter an unattractive morsel to swallow. In a world like this, where every living creature is the prey and food of others, animals are often obliged to put on coats of mail if they would survive.

Mr. Lucas will make fur and feathers a part of the exhibit. Feathers and hair are the same thing, differently modified, of course. Stuffed and treacherous porcupines will illustrate the fact that mammals as well as birds have quills. This is true of several species of mammals, notably the European hedgehog, which is a disagreeable creature to handle without gloves. A while ago there were a couple of porcupines in the zoological collection in the rear of the Smithsonian Institution. One of them assailed an attendant, and stuck about thirty of its quills into his legs. He attended them, not the porcupine--told a writer for The Star yesterday that the quills came out of the porcupine much more easily than they came out of his leg.

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